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Miscellaneous.

From the Quarterly Review.

**Sir John Herschel's Astronomical
Observations.**

Results of Astronomical Observations made during the years 1834, 5, 6, 7, 8, at the Cape of Good Hope; being the completion of a Telescopic Survey of the whole Surface of the Visible Heavens, commenced in 1825. By Sir JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, Bart., K.H., &c. 4to. 1847.

THIS volume is very unlike the majority of those records of astronomical observations which form an annually increasing load upon the quarto shelves of our scientific libraries. These may be, and for the most part are, of the greatest value, as containing the data upon which the future progress of one large department of astronomy is to be founded; but Sir John Herschel's work is a record of that progress itself.

Practical astronomy is naturally divided into two branches: 1st, that which depends mainly or solely upon the perfection of the Telescope as an instrument of research—in which the highest resources of optical art are

expended in the examination of the heavenly bodies considered singly, or in such small groups as may be discerned at one time in the field of a telescope; 2d, that which depends more directly upon our power of measuring and subdividing time and space, whereby the relative places of the heavenly bodies are determined, the laws of their motions and the forms of their orbits: the divided circle and the clock are the characteristic implements of this branch of astronomy; telescopes of enormous power are, generally speaking, inapplicable to it. Now the bulk of the publications issuing from our national observatories belong to the latter class of inquiries; whilst the former has, with some exceptions, been left chiefly in the hands of amateurs, or at least of private individuals. The labors of Sir William Herschel, to which his son has in the present and in former works so largely added, belong in a peculiar manner to the first class. The telescope is almost the sole apparatus: fine telescopes, and the much rarer qualification of using them to the best advantage, are the requisites for success.

It will readily be apprehended that

telescopic astronomy, and the records of telescopic observations, are of far more general interest than the reading of altitude and azimuth circles, the counting of pendulum beats, and the determination of a few seconds of error in the tabular places of a planet. And though, as we shall see, there is a vast amount of numerical work in Sir John Herschel's pages, yet the results are so numerous and varied, so striking by reason of their novelty, and so picturesque in their details, that they are fitted to interest every one who is even moderately acquainted with the general facts of astronomy, and render the work eminently *readable*, which is precisely what (it may be stated without any disparagement to our regular observatory publications) the others are *not*. The difference may be illustrated by two descriptions of a distant country which we can never hope to visit. The one is a statistical report of its extent and resources, the number of acres of arable, pasture, or wood, the latitude and longitude of its cities, the altitude of mountains, the number of inhabitants, and the sum of revenue. The other is a graphic description of its natural features and political condition; the road-book of a traveller who has explored its recesses with the eye of a naturalist and a painter, whose sketches live in our remembrance, and by an appeal to universal associations, enable us to realize scenes and manners which we shall never see for ourselves, but which we learn to compare with what has been all our life long familiar. Thus does the astronomy of the telescope lead us to understand in some degree the economy of other systems; it brings to its aid every branch of physical science in order to obtain results regarding the nature and changes of distant worlds, and to enable us to interpret these results aright by the analogies of our own.

The title-page of Sir John Herschel's book explains its nature and importance; it records "the completion of a telescopic survey of the *whole surface of the visible heavens*, commenced in 1825." The grave had not closed for three years over his

illustrious father, when the son proceeded to carry out and complete, by rare sacrifices, the course of observation in which for half a century Sir William had no rival; and by extending the survey to the southern hemisphere, he rendered compact and comparable one of the most elaborate inquiries of nature which two men ever attempted.

Sir John Herschel's position and attainments fitted him admirably for so great a work, and justly entitle him to the unenvied position which he now holds amongst the cultivators of exact science. Bearing a name honored and revered by all, his career at Cambridge reflected upon it fresh lustre; the variety and extent of his acquirements gave him a reputation amongst his college contemporaries, afterwards fully confirmed by the not more impartial voice of mankind at large. Since that time he has been indefatigable as an author. First, in the systematizing of the higher mathematics, and in forwarding their study in his own university; afterwards by treatises contributed to the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, on Sound, Light, and Physical Astronomy, which still rank amongst the clearest, completest, and most philosophical in our own or in any other language. About the same time he wrote experimental essays on different branches of chemistry and optics in several journals, and commenced his purely astronomical investigations, chiefly on nebulae and double stars, partly in conjunction with Sir James South, of which the details are given in different volumes of the *Astronomical* and of the *Royal Society's Transactions*. These memoirs collectively include a complete revision of the objects of the same description catalogued and classified by Sir William Herschel. But amidst these serious and systematic employments he found time for writing two admirable elementary works in Dr. Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, one on Astronomy, the other on the Study of Natural Philosophy. They unite elegant and perspicuous language with logical order, great simplicity, and most apt illustrations, and have contributed in no small degree to the extend-

ed and popular reputation of their author.

But when the re-examination of the stellar heavens, on the plan adopted by his father, was complete, it yet remained that that part of the sky invisible in Britain should be subjected to a similar critical examination, and the result handed down to posterity, so that changes may be recorded, and their causes investigated. The *full* value of the works of the Herschels will only become known when centuries shall have rolled on, and when all our present writings about *terrestrial* physics shall be consulted merely as historical curiosities long superseded by the advance of knowledge. To finish so great a monument to his own, but more especially to his father's fame, Sir John did not hesitate to quit in 1833 his home, endeared by many recollections, and undertake a voyage to another hemisphere, accompanied by his lady and a numerous family of young children, and embarrassed with unwieldy and fragile apparatus. But before a determination like his, difficulties melted away. Having disembarked his instruments at Cape Town without accident, and placed them temporarily in one of the government store-houses, his next care was to look out for a residence in a locality suitable for their erection. This he was fortunate enough to find at the seat of a Dutch proprietor, Mr. Schonberg, bearing the name of Feldhuysen, or Feldhausen, which he describes as

—"about six miles from Cape Town, charmingly situated on the last gentle slope at the base of Table Mountain, on its eastern side, well sheltered from dust, and as far as possible from wind, by an exuberant growth of oak and fir timber; far enough removed from the mountain to be for the most part out of reach of the clouds which form so copiously over and around its summit, yet not so far as to lose the advantage of the reaction of its mural precipices against the southeast winds, which prevail with great violence during the finer and clearer months, but which seldom *blow home* to the rock on this side, being, as it were,

gradually heaved up by a mass of comparatively quiescent air imprisoned at the root of the precipice, and so gliding up an inclined plane to the summit on the windward side, while they rush perpendicularly down on the leeward with tremendous violence like a cataract, sweeping the face of the cliffs towards Cape Town, which they fill with dust and uproar, especially during the night."—*Introd.* p. vii.

During four entire years* (no inconsiderable portion of the *best* of man's life,) Sir John Herschel devoted his nights to observation, his days to calculation and manual labor, all directed to the fulfilment of his arduous enterprise. During this time, too, he managed to keep up an extensive correspondence with men of science at home, and to exert himself energetically for the moral and intellectual improvement of the colony with which he had been thus incidentally associated. Not the least remarkable part of this expedition was that it was defrayed out of his private fortune, notwithstanding liberal offers which he received of pecuniary aid from the late Duke of Northumberland, which he thought it inconsistent with the entire independence of his plans to accept; he even declined, as was understood, the use of a government vessel to convey him to his destination. Opinions will differ as to whether he might not, without any compromise of liberty of research, have availed himself of offers most creditable to those who made them; but the reason of his refusal, and afterwards availing himself of the generous proposal of the noblemen above named, to defray the expense of publishing the results, is best stated in his own words at a public dinner given to him after his return. He then said—

"Much assistance was proffered to me from many quarters, both of instruments, and others of a more gen-

* The "sweeps" or nocturnal telescopic surveys of the heavens (381 in number) commenced on the 5th of March, 1834, and terminated 22d of January, 1838.

eral nature—offers in the highest degree honorable to all parties, and I should be sorry to have it thought that, in declining them, I was the less grateful for them. If felt that if they were accepted, they would compel me to extend my plan of operations and make a larger campaign, and that in fact it would compel me to go in some degree aside from my original plan. But that campaign being ended, the harvest gathered in, and the mass of facts accumulated, I felt that the same objections did not apply to the publication of its results; and I therefore refer with pride and pleasure to the prospect of being enabled by the princely munificence of the Duke of Northumberland, to place those results before the public in a manner every way more satisfactory, and without becoming a burden, as they otherwise must have been a very severe one, on the funds of our scientific institutions.”

—*Athenæum*, 1838, p. 425.

The generous offer thus accepted was peculiarly well-timed. The labor of extricating laws from masses of facts, great though it be, is a labor of love to the man of science; but the labor and anxiety of publication is not usually so; and is commonly attended with difficulties which, in the case of the abstruser sciences, would be insuperable to most private individuals, but for the existence of those *societies* alluded to by Sir J. Herschel, which with all their many faults of omission and commission must ever enjoy the credit of having brought to light, or assisted in doing so, the immortal labors of many a patient student, and even the Principia of Newton. But the common mode of publication by detached memoirs, buried in a mass of heterogeneous learning, accessible only by a research through piles of quartos, is after all but an imperfect publication. It is quite impossible to expect that any man's works, even the most celebrated, shall be fully appreciated when they can only be read or seen piecemeal, and by very many persons not at all. He who wishes to do a service to the reputation of an eminent man, living or dead, cannot do better than collect his writings in

simple chronological sequence, and hand them down to posterity without note or comment. Such a specimen of fraternal piety has been shown by Dr. Davy in his collection of his brother's immortal writings; such Dr. Faraday has in part done for himself; such a high-spirited Peer has enabled Sir John Herschel to do, in the completest and fittest manner, in the publication before us; and such the scientific world hopes that Sir John himself will soon undertake with respect to the multifarious and important writings of his father, scattered over not less than *thirty-seven* volumes of the Philosophical Transactions, and consequently, though often talked of, in reality hardly known except by meagre and superficial abstracts. From the late noble Chancellor of Cambridge, therefore, Sir J. Herschel received a benefit which will contribute in no slight degree to the extension and perpetuation of his fame. The whole execution of the work is worthy of the subject, the author, and the patron.

The eight years following Sir John Herschel's return to England were mainly spent in preparing the materials of this volume, nor will the time appear at all excessive when we consider, *first*, the vast mass of rough observations accumulated during four years of incessant work; *secondly*, that the reductions were all performed by the author's own hand; *thirdly*, that everything is worked out in the most complete and systematic manner, so as to afford in fact a model of this sort of analysis. To this may be added, that during the preparation of the work, Sir John Herschel generously gave up much time to matters of general scientific interest, or for the sake of his friends. Amongst many which might be mentioned, the arrangements of the Government Magnetic Observatories occupied much of his attention,* and within a comparatively short time he wrote two most excellent and detailed biographies of his astronomical friends,

* Amongst other efforts to engage public sympathy on behalf of the magnetic cause, Sir J. H. wrote a comprehensive article on the subject in the Quarterly Review, vol. lvi., p. 271.

Baily and Bessel. We may, and must, lament, indeed, that time so valuable to science should have been largely spent upon the most mechanical arithmetical computations connected with the reductions of places of double stars and nebulae. The author no doubt laments it as much as we do, and informs us (p. 5) that he found himself at least unequal to the intended task of going through the whole of these reductions twice;* but it appears that he has always found a difficulty, or felt a scruple, in employing an assistant for such operations; which we regret, because we have little doubt that a mere plodding arithmetician would have done the work with as few, if not fewer, mistakes; and *years* might have been added to Sir John Herschel's term of vigorous exertion in the cause of science. The same objection does not, however, apply to the mechanical facility which he happily possesses (in common with his father) of fashioning his own tools, and polishing the specula of his telescopes with his own hands. Such dexterity and such mechanical habits, are of the highest value in themselves to the practical philosopher. They afford a seasonable variety of occupation conducive to mental and bodily health; as he is to employ the instruments, he can scrutinize their defects, and endeavor to remedy them in a way that a person not himself a mechanic might never think of. The very manipulation of such a kind as figuring reflectors will suggest to the ardent and anxious mind of the philosopher, who must devote many hours to it, improvements which might not theoretically occur to *him*, and which would *never* occur to an ordinary artisan. But the grand advantage of all is the absolute independence of external assistance and of skilled workmen which it gives:

"The operation of repolishing was performed whenever needed, the

whole of the requisite apparatus being brought for the purpose. It was very much more frequently required than in England; and it may be regarded as fortunate that I did not, as at first proposed, (relying on the possession of the three perfect metals,) leave the apparatus in question behind. Being apprehensive that in a climate so much warmer, difficulties would arise in hitting the proper temper of the polishing material, slight imperfections of surface, induced by exposure, were for a while tolerated; but confidence in this respect once restored, and practice continually improving, I soon became fastidious, and on the detection of the slightest dimness on any part of the surface, the metal was at once remanded to the polisher."—*Introd.* p. x.

The 20 feet Newtonian, on Sir W. Herschel's construction, with specula of $18\frac{1}{4}$ inches clear aperture, (of which three were provided,) was the sheet-anchor of the campaign at the Cape. But along with it he carried a 7 feet achromatic by Tulley, with 5 inches aperture, a telescope which had served specially for the measurement of double stars in England, and of the performance of which Sir John gives in his papers in the *Astronomical Memoirs* a most flattering account, stating even that its performance appeared to improve with each fresh addition of power applied to it.

We shall now give a short analysis of the contents of the volume before us, which is a handsome quarto of 452 *well-filled* pages, illustrated by 17 plates.

The first chapter is on the NEBULÆ of the Southern Hemisphere. The second chapter is devoted to the subject of DOUBLE STARS; the third to the measurement of the relative brilliancy of different Stars; the fourth to the distribution of Stars, and the constitution of the Galaxy in the Southern Hemisphere; the fifth to the physical condition of the Comets generally; the sixth to the Satellites of Saturn; and the final chapter to the Solar Spots.

The Analysis is too scientific and heavy for the pages of this magazine.

* In one of his former papers Sir John Herschel, speaking of numerical calculations, says, "for which I find in myself a great inaptitude." (*Astr. Soc. Memoirs*, vol. v., p. 221.) It is sad to think of the tear and wear of so accomplished a mind exerted in the mere arithmetic of the volume before us.

If this notice shall awaken any additional interest in the noble science of Astronomy, and shall direct any thoughtful minds to the work under consideration, our object will have been gained. The writer in the Quarterly Review thus closes his remarks:

In taking leave of the author, and of his splendid work, we cannot help recalling the evidence which it presents of great and sustained labor. Here we have the actual record of sleepless nights, and abundant proof of the toil of busy days; we have before us the clear-sighted, patient observer, stationed on his little gallery at the tube of his telescope, whence he so "oft outwatched the Bear," struggling against fatigue and sleep;* we have the mechanist of his own observatory, the optician and constructor of his own mirrors; the artist of his own illustrations; the computer who co-ordinated and reduced all the multifarious results of the campaign; and lastly, the philosopher who with consummate address has unfolded in clear and unambiguous terms the conclusions deducible from the whole. And if we are sometimes tempted to wish that some meaner hand had been found to work out the mechanical details of calculation, or to form those laborious star-maps of the densely-populous regions of the sky which we have adverted to as displaying an effort of patience and care truly admirable, we are checked by reflecting upon the important lesson which it teaches; that in every branch of human acquirement, toil is the only fair and sure condition of fame; that in the sweat of our brow the fruits of knowledge are to be gathered in, as well as those which the earth yields to our material wants; that the unflinching struggle of the mind against the tedium and disgust which operations of detail, or merely mechanical, often inspire, does really fortify the character and give weight to the decisions of the judgment.

* So in p. 167. "An occasional entry may have been made for the homely but useful purpose of avoiding sleep, a thing not unattended with probability of broken bones."

The volume closes with the following paragraph:

"The record of the site of the Reflector at Feldhausen is preserved by a *granite* column, erected after our departure by the kindness of friends, to whom, as to the locality itself and to the colony, every member of my family had become, and will remain, attached by a thousand grateful recollections of years spent in agreeable society, cheerful occupation, and unalloyed happiness."—p. 452.

Sailor's Home, New York.

We cut the following sketch of scenes at the "Sailor's Home," from a volume entitled, "Portraiture and Pencilings of Mrs. Cross."—

There was a superannuated old tar at the Sailor's Home, New-York, at once sensible and pious, but possessed of a most garrulous propensity, to whom Mrs. Cross would sit and listen for hours, while he related his adventures and disasters—described the storm, the shipwreck, the whale chase, the encounter with pirates, and the thousand hardships and hair-breadth escapes of his varied and eventful life.

Every morning, after breakfast, she would go with me to the long reading room, where we generally found some scores of sailors, to each of whom she would give a religious tract, accompanied often with kind words of counsel and encouragement. During these benevolent interviews she drew from many a poor fellow the history of his life, the sad story of his sins and his sufferings. On one occasion she approached a young man, sitting in thoughtful silence, with a look of inexpressible sorrow, and very tenderly inquired the cause of his unhappiness, to which he answered,

"O! lady, I have enough to make me unhappy. Six years ago I had a good home in this city. My father and mother were the best of Christians, and they prayed very often for poor William. I had an only sister, and I loved her as I loved myself.—

But I was a wild boy, and wanted to see the world. Without my father's consent I went to sea. No one knew where I had gone. I never wrote home, for I was ashamed. This is the first time I have returned to this port. As soon as I landed, I went to seek the home I had left. The house was there, but it was occupied by others. They told me my father died four years ago—and my mother, dear soul! soon followed him. My sister married, and removed to the West. I know not where she is, and if I did, have not money to make the journey. They had all given me up for lost—never expected to see me again. I am afraid my misconduct broke my poor mother's heart. Three weeks I have been in port, and this is the first time a lady has spoken to me—God bless you for it! and the first time any one has spoken to me like a Christian. I am only a poor sailor, and who cares for the sailor?"

Then, turning to me, he added, while the large tears chased each other down his bronzed cheeks,

"Captain, I want a ship. I am tired of port. I have not a friend in the world. Captain, can you get me a ship?"

The poor fellow had fallen into the hands of the "Good Samaritan."—Mrs. Cross recommended his case to Captain Richardson, who never neglected the opportunity of relieving an unfortunate seaman.

There was another case in which she took a special interest. Some time before she came to the city, a sailor was found intoxicated in the street, and brought to the Home. As soon as he became sober he was persuaded to sign the temperance pledge, and was thenceforth a steady man. His incipient reformation was followed by a profession of religion and a life of consistent piety. He gave us a full history of his misfortunes and his fall. He had graduated at Amherst College, and gone out into the world with, perhaps, as fair prospects as any of his class. But an unfortunate affair soon thwarted his plans and blasted his hopes.

Disappointed and discouraged, he became very melancholy, relinquished

his business, wandered from his home, shipped for a whaling cruise, thinking to relieve his burdened heart by abandoning the scene of his sufferings.—Growing constantly more miserable, and influenced by surrounding example, he sought to drown his sorrows in the baleful cup. Years wore on, and he continued to follow the sea, and became a confirmed drunkard, such as he was when found by a friendly shipmate, and conducted to this delightful asylum.

THE SAILORS' TEMPERANCE MEETING.

"Last evening attended the mariner's temperance meeting. While one of the gentlemen was speaking, a man intoxicated came staggering up to him, looked him earnestly in the face till he paused, then said to him,

"You mean me, do you Captain?"

"Mean you?" said the other; "what did I say about you?"

"Why, the yarn you were spinning about that old salt! Did you mean me?"

"No, I spoke of another; but I think it would do very well for you too."

"Well, so I think myself, and I'm ashamed of it. So here I'll knock off. Give me a pen; let me sign your pledge. May be I'm a little too drunk, but I'll try."

The secretary handed him a pen. In attempting to subscribe his name, he let fall upon the page a large drop of ink.

"There," he exclaimed, "that's a big period; and a period marks the end of a sentence; so here's an end of my grog! Look at me shipmates! You think I'm pretty much gone by the board, and so I am; but I begin to get sober; I know what I have done; and you may call me a liar if I don't give grog a wide berth hereafter!"

The orator staggered to his seat amidst roars of laughter and shouts of applause. Whether he will keep his word time must determine. It would be very questionable, at least, if he were not a sailor. But such is the sailor's sense of honor, that he is seldom known to violate a vow. Mr. Chase tells us that many have sign

the pledge in a state of intoxication, and adhered to it with sacred fidelity.

I noticed a well-dressed young man, who led into the house another so affected with liquor that he appeared to walk with difficulty. His friend placed him upon the front seat, and sat down by his side. About the middle of the meeting the former rose to make a speech; and the latter seizing the opportunity, stealthily left the house.—The speaker finished abruptly, followed the fugitive and brought him back, and, before the exercises closed, led him to the table, put a pen in his hand, and guided it while he wrote his name. I was afterwards informed that this young man himself, about six months ago, was brought, intoxicated, to the emperance meeting, and persuaded to sign the pledge; that he has ever since been a sober man, has lately joined the church, gives evidence of genuine piety, and promise of great usefulness among the sailors.

THE SAILOR'S CONVERSION.

"Prayer meeting this evening at the Mariner's Church. A seaman gave an account of his conversion, which occurred several years ago in this city. He had recently entered port. Sunday morning he put on his 'best rig,' and embarked for a pleasure cruise about town. He had not gone far before he met an old acquaintance, whom he invited to join him. The latter replied that he had learned the folly and wickedness of drinking, and carousing, and desecrating the Sabbath; that he was now on his way to church, and would be glad to have the company of his friend.—'So,' said he, 'to please Bob, I gave up my frolic and went with him. But I had not been in church fifteen minutes before Captain Chase gave me a broadside, which raked me fore and aft.—Mast and rigging went by the board, and I thought the hull was sinking.—I cut loose before the amen, and hauled off to get away from shipmate. Two nights afterward Bob came for me, and took me to church again. This time the captain was harder with me than before. He bore down upon me with all his guns. Before the sermon was over I was a total wreck, and every

sea swept over me from stem to stern.'

"Then he told us how he returned to his lodgings, locked himself up, and tried to pray, but found no comfort; how he went the next night to the theatre, but felt worse there than at church, and the next night to a frolic, but could neither drink nor dance away his sorrows; visited an old friend in Brooklyn; wandered in the woods of Long Island; remained there alone all night; cursed; prayed; thought of putting an end to his wretched life, but was deterred by the fear of hell; the next morning, weary and faint, made his way back to the city; Sabbath, repaired again to the church; 'seized a rope' which 'was thrown out to his drowning soul; was hauled on board the gospel ship,' in which he has been sailing ever since, in hope of 'rounding the cape of death, and making the harbor of glory!' It was the genuine eloquence of the heart, and produced such an effect as is seldom witnessed under the more polished oratory of the pulpit.

"If they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever, Mr. Chase is likely to occupy no obscure position among the sons of light. He has been preaching to the mariners here more than twenty years, and scarcely a week has passed without conversions under his ministry. Many have carried away serious impressions from his church, and been subsequently converted at sea in foreign ports. I remember the narrative of one who left the preaching with a contrite heart, and the next day embarked for a voyage. On shipboard he read his Bible, and constantly prayed for the forgiveness of his sins. But for some time he found no comfort, and the burden of his sorrow was increasing.—One day he was sent aloft to reef top-sails in a squall. A sudden lurch of the vessel threw him into the sea. 'I sunk,' said he, 'like lead in the mighty waters; but my heart went up as my body went down. I thought of Peter, and cried, 'Save, Lord, or I perish!' When I came up I saw a plank which they had thrown me; and being a good swimmer, I was saved.'"

An Infidel Convicted.

BY REV. JOSEPH TUTTLE.

Proverbially, infidelity is bold so long as there is no danger. Death, apparently inevitable, discloses the foundation of sand on which skepticism is built. I was once crossing Lake Erie with an old gentleman, who related an incident of thrilling interest. His narrative was elicited by the fact that our boat had been on fire the night before, when we were all asleep, but God being merciful, the fire was extinguished without alarm to us. My friend was a plain man, but one of those christians who are skillful in the Word of God. As near as possible, I will give the narrative in his own language.

"I was once crossing this lake in the month of April. It was the first trip the boat had made that season, and really the weather was never more pleasant, and the lake more calm. We were bound from Detroit to Buffalo. Towards evening I noticed a certain anxiety in our captain's countenance, and the care with which he examined the machinery of the boat. Still I could see no reason for alarm, and felt none. A young lawyer embarking with us who during the day made himself conspicuous for his impudent denial of any divine revelation, and for finally asserting his disbelief in the existence of God. He was profane and coarse in his jests, and malignant in his sneer at religion and its friends.

I was among the marked objects of his ridicule, and the following may give you an idea of my conversation with him, abating profaneness and other coarseness on his part.

"A man is a fool to believe in God. All things *happen* according to necessary law. They do not want a Creator."

"Why do not steamboats *happen* in the same way?" I inquired. "The steamboat shows no more masterly workmanship or design than the forest oak that furnished its ribs and planks."

"Here there was a dead pause. The skeptic was at the end of his so-

fa, and I said to him in a quiet way, 'The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.' I then left him, and he followed me with a audible curse, which to a wicked man is a weapon more available than truth."

"We were seated at the table, and in an instant the dishes seemed dancing. The vessel rolled heavily, as though struggling to keep from sinking. We left the table, but so greatly did the boat toss, and rock, and plunge, that we could scarcely keep from falling. We were in the midst of a gale, and all was now in confusion.

The machinery worked true, and seemed instinct with desire to save us. The tillerchains grated ominously over their pulleys, and it seemed as if man, the inventor of that gallant boat, would outride the tempest."

"One fact struck us all. Our bold infidel seemed paralyzed. He became deadly pale, and as the storm increased he uttered cries of distress. You must be out in such a storm to have an insight into the words, 'He did fly upon the wings of the wind.' It is a trying time for any one to meet God in the tempest, and be convinced of his weakness but especially it is to the fool who has said 'There is no God.'"

"While noticing the agitation of this man, my attention was suddenly called to the perfect absence of sound from the chains by which the rudder was managed. Clinging to the sides of the cabin, I crept along to where the captain stood. He was in despair.—'Our rudder is gone,' said he. At that moment a heavy wave struck the unmanageable vessel, and we were thrown into the trough of the sea.—Another wave poured over the deck, and our fires were extinguished."

"We are gone!" exclaimed the captain in consternation, "nothing short of a miracle can save us."

"The infidel had reached the place where we stood, and as the captain spoke, and all hope fled, he uttered a piercing cry, and looked the perfect image of despair. His infidelity was gone."

"Captain——," said I, "you have read the account of Paul's shipwreck, have you not?" "Yes." Can you

tell me why Paul said to the centurion and soldiers, as the sailors were about to abandon the ship and its passengers to ruin, except these abide in the ship ye cannot be saved?" "No, I cannot," the captain replied. "Well, I will give you my idea about it," said I. "God purposed to save them all, but generally he works through means. The sailors knew best how to manage their vessel, and therefore their agency formed a part of the plan to save those two hundred and seventy-six persons. Now you, Captain——, have no right to cease effort to save our lives so long as there is a plank left."

"A sailor accustomed to storms on the ocean stood by me, and when I spoke thus, he abruptly exclaimed, 'That's first rate; and now I'll give you my opinion. I don't believe the rudder is gone. Just put a rope round me, and I'll go down and examine.'"

"It was a bold proposition, and yet the bold man executed it. We held to the rope, and he leaped from the stern of the boat. In a short time we drew him up. 'Just as I said,' he exclaimed. 'Give me a hammer and some spikes, and I'll right the craft in a minute.' You may be sure we watched the experiment with thrilling interest, and to our joy it was perfectly successful.

"In a minute the vessel was brought out of the 'trough of the sea,' and we re-kindled our fires. In a few hours we were safely moored at Fairport. The lawyer stayed with me, but he was no longer an infidel. The entire night after we landed at Fairport, he paced the room, and constantly uttered exclamations of mingled penitence for his past wickedness, and of wonder that he was not already 'in hell, lifting up his eyes, being in torment.'"

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Thoughts by the Sea Side.

Just after sunset, on a quiet Saturday evening, I stood on the sandy shore of the broad Atlantic. I had strayed thither from my lodgings to enjoy the unison of its heavings with those of my own heart. Always sublime, it now seemed sublimer than ever; not in the terrific shew of its

strength, but in the quiet concealment of its power. Away its unbroken surface stretched far as the eye, far as thought could reach; while, at regular intervals, like a lion cooling his sides, it laid its broad mane on the sand. This is the sea; the great and wide sea, where go the ships, and the millions who man them; where human life is less than a span, as death uses his battle axe instead of his bow; where, suppose a generation of seamen to last twenty years, they die at least one in every five minutes—eleven every hour,—two hundred and seventy four every day,—eight thousand two hundred and twenty every month, and one hundred thousand in a year!

This is the sea, and what a cemetery! The very sea that shall give up the dead which are in it. By whatever means, and however deep they have sunk; whether by the flukes of a whale, by a fall from aloft, by a sudden collision, or by a protracted sickness; and whether they have gone down five fathoms or five miles, the sound of the last trump will reach them; when—

"From out their watery bed,
The ocean's dead, renewed,
Shall on the unstirring billows stand;
From pole to pole,
Thick covering the sea."

This is the sea; once the formidable barrier between the nations, but now the convenient medium of their social intercourse; once the highway for piracy, avarice, and lust; but now becoming the throughfare for honorable traffic, beneficent acts, and the hallowed amenities of the Gospel. How great the change already! In its apparent extent; a month's voyage having been reduced to a week. In its ships; the sleepy *drogers* having been exchanged for the swift-winged clippers. In its government; there being less of the despotic and more of the parental; less force, and more reason; less haughty constraint, and more ready will. In its maxims; many of these having become obsolete, or essentially emended. In its men; their condition, habits, principles, motives, prospects, manifestly improved, and in many instances, their hearts renewed.

And still greater changes are in prospect. The excess of ocean acres above those of the land were not made in vain. As they now best reflect the sky, why shall they not image forth the moral perfections and work of Him whose way is in the sea? As they fertilize the pastures and the fields, why shall they not make glad the garden of God? Such is their manifest destiny. Hence full two thirds of the commerce of the sea is committed to a race of men distinguished for their enterprise and three fourth's of it to those who embrace a life-giving and elevating Protestant Christianity. Let the work of improvement, so auspiciously commenced, go on till this power, controlling the laws of trade, the political economy, and to a great extent the popular sentiments of the nations, *be sanctified*; and how soon will be seen the prophetic angel flying in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach to them that dwell on the earth.

Then "Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth ye that go down to the sea and all that is therein, the isles and the inhabitants thereof." For, "The sea is his, and he made it;" made it for high and holy purposes, to reflect his image, to disseminate widely his truth, and to celebrate his praise in "a new song."

Such are some of the thoughts awakened by the sea-side

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Address to his Crew by an American Shipmaster.

We are indebted to a friend for obtaining and forwarding it for the Sailor's Magazine. We especially invite the attention of sailors to it, and earnestly commend its advice to their consideration and adoption. The ship was homeward bound when the Master called his men together, and having read *Ps. 107, Verses 23—30* inclusive, thus addressed them:—

"I have selected this portion of a favorite Psalm for our meditation to-

day, and have been trying to draw a comparison between sailors of former days and those of the present period, in order to ascertain whether we have made any improvement in a moral and spiritual sense, or whether we have retrograded; and in either case to find out the cause, and endeavor to place the subject in its proper light.

That science and art, and the ingenuity of man have made wonderful and rapid strides in improving the construction of vessels; and that all the difficulties that surrounded the ancient mariner are surmounted. There is not a possible doubt; but in moral and spiritual improvement, I most unwillingly confess there are many doubts. From the passage of Scripture before us, we must believe that mariners in general in those days *did* put their trust in the Lord of Hosts, for it has no reference to any particular vessel or voyage.

They did not trust entirely to their own efforts and skill, but "they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he brought them out of their distresses." And it is safe to infer, that when delivered from their peril and danger, and brought unto their desired haven, in the gladness of their hearts they would offer prayers of thanksgiving to the Lord "for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

"Then are they glad, (says the Psalmist,) because they be quiet; so he bringeth them to their desired haven." This sentiment is sustained by reference to the Book of Jonah.

From the facts therein recorded, we must infer that in those countries where a knowledge of the true God was prevalent, the mariners were as scrupulous in their religious rites and ceremonies as any other class of persons; and also in those countries where ignorance kept them from a knowledge of the true God, they still had a belief in some power above any thing on earth to whom their prayers and thanksgivings were offered; and as there is no mention made in the Bible of the dissolute habits of mariners, we must consider this also as adding much strength to these conclusions. In our own day it is well known

that in portions of the globe, where the glorious light of Christianity is still shut out, or but dimly seen, we find the mariner, though blinded by superstition and idolatry, trusting in some super-human power; and much of his time is expended by strictly observing all the rites and ceremonies peculiar to his creed, and invoking the favor of his God or patron saint. On board of the Chinese junks, a portion of the vessel is set apart for the occupation of their Idol or Josh, and you all know that they are very punctual and strict at their devotions. It is their first business, and then their worldly affairs are attended to afterwards;—a circumstance well deserving the attention of many in a Christian land.

But we will now go back a little farther, to those nations where Christianity had been received and was acknowledged by rulers and people; although there may be a doubt whether it existed in its purity, as events took place which did not appear as proceeding from the Gospel of peace and good will to men.

The Portuguese and Spanish mariners were quite as devoted to the religion of their country as any other class of citizens, and if there was any fault in mixing too much superstition with it, it must not be attributed to them, but to their teachers. On the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, the first business of himself, officers and crew was to return thanks to Almighty God. The Te-Deum was sung, and other devotions performed as prescribed by the church to which they belonged. Up to this time the same remarks will apply to mariners of other nations according to the religion of their respective countries, and adopting this period as a dividing line, I will assert, that the character of mariners in a moral and religious point of view was as good, if not better, than that of other classes of persons in their respective countries.

And now we come to the other side, and nearer home,—to England and America;—countries that have made rapid strides in the march of civilization, and are at least filled with the light of Christianity. But what shall we say of the mariners here? We

can truly boast of their deeds of heroism and valor. Their courage has been the dread of other nations, and many a noble sailor has sacrificed his life in defending and sustaining the institutions of his country. But what of them now in a moral and religious point of view? Will the moral and religious character of mariners of the present day bear a favorable comparison with those of former days, or with those on the other side of the dividing line which I selected? I answer, no. And here I would remark that reformation is needed, fore and aft; but at this time I intend to devote myself to the fore end. It is rather too much to handle all at the same time, so I will keep up one of the time-honored customs by beginning forward and work aft. I will also observe that there are always exceptions to general rules, and if my remarks do not apply to any body here, so much the better. The cap is not intended for any body in particular, and no one need wear it except it fits close and tight. I will now speak to you as the representatives of the whole body of seamen, and if I can succeed in making matters straight with you, you can begin with others, and with your labors and mine, we ought to be able to make the work of reformation go bravely on.

To sustain the positive reply that I made to the question, let us go to any seaport of consequence—say New York—and witness the movements about one of her noble ships as preparation is being made for leaving the wharf. We will see her off and follow her on a voyage to New Orleans. She is now all ready, with the exception of the crew. The work that was done by them in former years, has now been completed by riggers and stevedores. I wish I could say, to give the sailor an opportunity to enjoy a little relaxation among his friends; this might be the case—but no: it is to give him an opportunity by his own free will—to be persuaded against his own interest—to be prejudiced against all who are his friends—to be unfitted for the duty that he has obligated himself to perform—and last, though not least, to be drugged, to be relieved of his last cent, and all his advance

wages, and in many instances sent to sea not as well provided for in clothing as the inmates of an almshouse. This is all done, too, among those whom he considers as his friends. Look at him as he comes down the wharf—tack and half tack—watched and hunted by landlords and runners, now coaxed a little and then driven. He may pull back, and may just begin to think about his monkey jacket, or he wants to go and get a pipe or two or some tobacco, but his friends, who live at the expense of his misery and degradation, struggle away and work him along. As they proceed down the wharf the very air is polluted by oaths and cursing. It is some times difficult to decide which excels the most in this particular, the sailor or his friends; but now one by one they reach the deck, and here, where generally is quiet and order, is now a scene of confusion. The rum has not yet finished its work, and a few more curses must be let out. Finally, after much delay and vexatious trouble, the ship starts,—Jack cursing his landlord, and vice versa. This may often occur when a time has been set for sailing punctually, and all belonging to the ship engaged had the night previous to accomplish it, and every arrangement made. passengers and their friends are full of enquiry to know why the ship don't start; by and bye, word comes from the counting-house to know whether the ship is going or not, so that by the time she is off the captain and officers are completely worried out in mind and body. Then there has been a steamboat employed all this time waiting on the ship, and half a day's pay to a gang of riggers may generally be included.* The conduct of the sailor on this occasion is entirely changed from what it was a few days previous; he had come then with his best face on for an order to ship; he signs the articles, and enters a bond by that act to perform certain duties for a certain compensation, and to render himself on board at an appointed hour. But this very act seems to reduce him to the lowest level. He is then stripped of all he has, and all ac-

counts squared with a few glasses of cheap rum. He is then like a slave, because he must work out his freedom, for his advance is all gone. Before he starts on his voyage he forfeits his pledge; for, instead of rendering himself on board at the appointed hour, he is dragged on board some time afterwards, and he is generally totally unfit at the time to perform the duties he agreed to do. He is employed and paid to protect the interest of the ship, but commences by turning everything into tumult and confusion. The next day I am happy to say he is generally much improved; and now he forgets the scenes of the past—he forgets the annoyance and irritation which he caused the officers on the day previous, and takes it for granted that they must forget too; but now he becomes quite tenacious, and talks about being treated like a man—don't want to be humbugged, and such like. Yet, if not lost to all sense of shame, and by considerable forbearance on the part of the officers, things may go on tolerably well for the passage, if not too long. During this time he may talk a good deal about this or that not being done—sailor like. If he happens to be called up in his watch below to shorten sail, he may grumble some, and damn the ship, and swear it was always so here, any fool might have known it was going to blow; why didn't they shorten sail when we were all on deck? But then it would be all the same, for it would be said we need never expect to get below in this ship till the watch is half out. He seems to make no distinction in ships, and often acts better in a leaky ship, with a hard master, than when it is the other way; and so I might go on and relate many incidents, were it not extending the subject too far, and going aside from more essential points.

But now we arrive at New Orleans. Before the ship is made fast, she is boarded by not a few of Jack's friends who have robbed him before, but now it is all forgotten. There again is another scene of confusion, and not a line of the most obscene language; and if an officer attempts to maintain order, the most villainous abuse is heaped upon* him by these intruders,

* All others connected with ships are on hand when wanted, night or day.

and quiet is seldom restored till the chests reach the Levee. If fifty cents is due the sailor, he acts with a little caution; but if he is in debt to the ship, his departure is very sudden.

The same scenes are enacted over and over, from ship to ship, and thus the sailor kept working traverses for his landlord, is made to linger out a miserable existence. Such, then, is the general state of affairs among mariners of the present day, and the same scenes may be found in Liverpool or London, or in any other of the principal seaports—with this exception, that in New Orleans (whether they have a better chemical knowledge or not) they can administer a dose to a sailor that will straighten him out a little the quickest, and keep him quiet till wanted.

With these facts before me, and from my own experience, I have much to fear that the reply to the question was a proper one; and I am of the opinion without some effort is made by the sailor himself to improve his condition, it will in time fall below that of the galley slave.*

The next question which naturally arises, is, why is it that such a state of affairs exist? and on whom does the responsibility rest? I answer, it is because the sailor has refused to obey the commands of God, and has yielded himself to the allurements and devices of Satan. Unlike the ancient mariner, he is a stranger to prayer, and forgets that there is but a plank between him and eternity. By neglecting his duty to his God and to his neighbor, he has become entirely blind to his own interests. It is the sailor, then, who is his own enemy, and on him must rest the responsibility.

During the past twenty years, both in England and America, various societies have been organised and supported by voluntary contributions for the welfare of seamen. Eloquent appeals have been made in all parts of our country, and many persons far in

the interior, who have never seen a ship, and perhaps but seldom a sailor, have, and still contribute. In the city of New York alone, at least thousands of dollars are expended annually, with the view of improving the condition of the seamen. A Sailor's Home has been erected, and good boarding-houses have been encouraged by the Seamen's Friend Society. Churches are built expressly for their use and benefit, all without a cent of cost to them. But strange to say, the sailor looks upon all this with a suspicious eye. It can be said to the sailor, when he arrives in New York—"Here is a home or boarding house, where you can live quietly and well, and be dealt with honestly, at a moderate rate of board. Here is the Seamen's Savings Bank to deposit even one dollar, if you have no more, and it will be safe. Here is the store of the Ladies' Society for the relief of widows and children of seamen, where you can be furnished with good clothing at a moderate price. Here are the Protestant Episcopal Chapels—the Baptist Mariners' Church—the Methodist Mariners' Church—the Rosevelt Street Mariners' Church,—they are for you; take your choice. There is room in either, and free to all. Besides these, there are the Ministers of God, visitors from the various societies, and tract distributors, ever at work in your behalf, though sometimes treated with coldness or insult, in return for their kind offices." If with all these efforts, then, no impression is made, said I not right that on the sailor himself must rest the responsibility, and it is a fearful one, when viewed in its proper light.

But we will now look for a moment how matters stand between the sailor and his employer. The labor of the sailor is not as hard as it was formerly, although he may feel it more, in consequence of an impaired constitution, always the result of bad habits. I was some years before the mast before I knew what it was to have an afternoon watch below; but now it has become quite a settled custom. We used to assist in discharging and loading the ships. Now that is done away with. I have frequently taken my

* The above picture, so literally true to the past, has at present not a few gratifying exceptions. Scores of sailors, shunning grog and land-sharks, save their money and character, and are true to themselves and their employers also.—
EDS. MAG.

turn in watching cargo on the Levee, without any compensation beyond the usual wages. That custom has also changed. We used to tug away at the old-fashioned windlass; but ingenuity has relieved us of at least half that labor. In the matter of wages, the sailor has the decided advantage. Whatever is due him must be paid; but if he is in debt to the ship, he seems to consider it honest to leave immediately. The fact of the business is, sailors are better provided for than formerly—have less work to do—are better paid—and act worse; only they don't seem to know it.* I have seen many inconsistent sailors, and very few, in comparison, good ones. I am happy to say, however, that I had a sailor once under my command, who, I am satisfied, was the most consistent Christian on board. I felt that I was much below him in this respect.

I think enough has been said to convince you of existing evils, and where they rest, although I might detain you some time if I were to go into the full particulars, during a period of upwards of 20 years that I have been among sailors. But it will be much more agreeable to me to leave this part of the subject, and direct your attention to a sure remedy, together with some friendly counsel, to guide you for the future. The remedy I propose is merely to begin to act for your own interest. Sailors have been working long enough against that interest. The devil and his imps have derived much benefit, but they are bad paymasters. One is sure to receive evil at their hands for doing them a good turn. I have said before that much has been done for sailors; but the time has now arrived that they must do something for themselves before it is too late. There is a good chance if the work is commenced soon, as there still exists among their friends a great interest in favor of the sailor, and you would find many to give you a helping hand. But among those who are more intimately connected by their intercourse with the sailor, and have labored hard

for his good, I must confess there is a pause. They have been anxiously looking for the fruit of their labor, but finding none, they become disheartened, and are almost ready to give up and do no more. This is quite natural, as you know we should be discouraged to beat against wind and tide, and lose ground on every tack, and would soon let go the anchor if we had the ground under us. Just so with them: they are about letting go their anchors, and I would have you at least try and jam the stoppers, to keep them underweigh as long as possible, and in the meantime a favorable flaw may come to encourage them. I tell you that sailors don't begin to know their station, although I know they don't like to be told so; but I mean this time their station in life. If they choose, they can go far above those who would not now associate with them. There is a something captivating in the name of sailor, and many a thrilling adventure has been coupled with their profession, which has made for him a fair-way course; so it is only necessary for him to have a proper respect for himself, and he can be admitted into whatever society he chooses, and still be a sailor. Why, when I was before the mast, I didn't want any better chance in society than I had, and your opportunity is just as favorable now. But you must do something for yourselves first; and it is your duty towards the younger members of our profession to do something to set them a good example, and keep them from the snares and temptations which surround them. But I am aware that the very people on shore who receive all your earnings have too much influence with you, and you are easily deceived by them. They will tell you that Sailors' Homes and Seamen's Savings Banks are all humbugs, got up by merchants to speculate on your wages; and this is all done so plausibly, that your mind is made up, and it seems almost impossible to undeceive you. As for going to church, it would be more than some dare do, to say in some of the boarding houses that they had been or were going. They would be so much afraid of being called *saints*;

* Exceptions again.—Eds.

and it does appear to me so strange that one can live so long in such a state of deception. I would not mind a voyage or two; but to think that a sailor will leave a boarding-house penniless with his dead horse over his head, voyage after voyage, and year after year, and not discover that no matter who speculates on his money, it would be better to have a nest egg in the bank, instead of being dependent on the parish for support in case of misfortune. To say he requires it all for his support, is an error. I know for myself what can be done, and also what others have done. I have had sailors with me that put away \$50 in a year out of their wages, and in the mean time were well clothed, and even spent more money foolishly than they ought to have done. And again I say to you, look to your own interests, and begin to do something for your own good.

On the pages of history, the name of the sailor is associated with heroic deeds and devoted patriotism. The brave and generous sailor is a title which has often been bestowed on him. But what future pages of history may reveal, is now a matter of much doubt. I call upon you, then, in the name of those who have deserved this distinction, to look well to this matter. Let not those bright pages of history be marred by the future. Let not such terms as *ungrateful*, ungenerous, and debased, darken the memory of those who have passed away from time to eternity. But, more important than all I call upon you, in the name of the Lord of Hosts, whose laws have been defied, and the precepts and counsels of his prophets trodden under foot. You were created for a wise and noble purpose; and as you value your immortal souls, which, after the perishing body which now encumbers it has gone to mingle with the dust, must exist forever in an endless state of happiness or misery, *to begin now to lay up a treasure in heaven*. Begin with prayer to God; and this is not so difficult as you imagine. It is not by speed, or length, or breadth that prayer is measured; but by its sincerity. There is one prayer that

you can all learn now, and I don't believe you will ever forget it, and it is just what you want to begin with. It is the prayer of the poor publican spoken of by our Saviour. He did not so much as lift up his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

I had intended to stop here; but must add a little more. Being entirely opposed to disorder and tumult of all kinds, it affords me much pleasure to say, that I have enjoyed the quiet of the voyage thus far very much, and will express the hope that in all our future voyages we may never think too lightly of peace and quiet and good order, so essential to the comfort and happiness of all. A kind Providence has bestowed many blessings upon us, and has now brought us near to our destined haven in safety. In all probability, this may be the last Sabbath that we shall all meet together on this side of the grave; but I will hope that it will not be entirely forgotten; and if I can ever hear that my efforts have been the means of bringing *one sailor* to a knowledge of the truth, and thereby raised up to a higher position in society, it will bountifully repay me. Yet I hope it will even do more than this.

You will doubtless witness similar scenes to those which I have laid before you in connexion with your next voyage; but I hope you will be above participating in them. Act like men, and set a good example to others. Take good care of yourselves, and shake off your dependance on others. Have it so that you can select your own ship, and not be obliged to go wherever the landlord chooses to send you. Then you will begin to see the difference in ships. Good men will be more likely to get together in good ships, and the labor be more equally divided; for now I must confess it is sometimes discouraging to the sailor who desires to perform his duty well, to exert himself, and by so doing to encourage the skulker in his idleness. But if we could get them separated, it would be a great point gained.

Then these in good ships where it is desired to get along quietly and peaceably, will be comfortable and happy: and the skulkers, and rummies, and destroyers of other people's property, will be forced in ships where they will be treated according to their deserts. This division, among the first class would excite sympathy for each other, which now as a general thing is unknown. For instance, I have never seen that kindness extended from one sailor to another in case of sickness, as there should be; and surely nothing more ought to be expected from the master than from a physician—to prescribe the remedy and give directions, which the friends of the patient should faithfully and cheerfully attend to. Oh! then, let me encourage you to have a kindness for others, and it will be surely returned; if not by them, it will be by others; but surely from that Saviour who has said, "That whosoever shall give to drink to one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple; verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

Have confidence in each other, and arrange among yourselves what ship you will sail in. What a change in affairs there would be if a crew of good men would get together, go on board of a ship, and say to the master, "Here we are, sir; ready to man your ship. Our reference is—we have all got money in the Savings Bank, and we are ready to pledge it for the faithful performance of our duty. We shall be on board, sir, at whatever hour you name, without the usual attendance, as our bills will be all settled on the evening before, and we are under our own control." Say this, and you will reform at once any existing evils in the after end of the ship. It would be more than any master dare do to treat a crew like that disrespectfully, but on the contrary he would spend \$50 or \$100 dollars extra to add to their comfort. If I was to ask a sailor for his reference, and he replied, "I have money in the Sav-

ing's Bank," I would ask no further questions; and the larger the sum, the more confidence would I have in him. And to you who have not made the first deposit, let me say to you, first form a resolution to have some there, and stick to it. Then don't trust yourself in port too long at first. Have nothing to do with landlords; but take your chest from one ship to another. Don't let the boarding-house cart have any thing to do with it, for you can get a dray at two-thirds less cost; although it appears for nothing, it is all in the bill, only you can't see it. You may meet with some opposition from landlords and shipping masters; but don't mind that. Have your advance in your pocket, or *don't take it at all*—you are sure of it in the end. Go to sea once without a dead horse hanging over you, and you will always do so. As soon as you get fair for the voyage, get at once to the bank and put in more than you think you can spare. By the time you get \$50 in this safe place, then you may begin to think about a boarding-house; but in the mean time you must, by going to church whensoever an opportunity offers, get acquainted with the Minister (and I will at any time give you as many letters of introduction to them as you wish); take his advice about a boarding-house, and he will be your friend. If you can do without the boarding-house a little longer, so much the better; it will bring more money in the bank, and you will be more independent of every body, and have a little to spare for the poor and destitute; and that is another Savings Bank, only people in general don't know it. But the Bible tells us, "He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again." (Prov. xix. 17.)

And now, in conclusion, I say to you, treasure up these lessons, and at some future day should we meet again, and you have profited by my advice, you need not say a word but just show me the bank book,

and that will tell the whole story. Then, in the language of the psalmist, "Thou shalt eat of the labor of thine hands; happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee."

Calcutta Seamen's Friend Society.

THE Twenty-second Annual Meeting of this Society was held in the Town Hall, Calcutta, on Tuesday, February 21st.

The report stated that the agent, Mr. Chill, had visited 375 vessels during the year, distributed 431 Bibles and Testaments in various languages, and circulated tracts and books to the number of 4,607. The number of men attending the Bethel had been 3,215, being a considerable increase upon last year. There is also an increase in the Society's funds, and the committee commence the year with a balance of 406 rupees in hand, together with a considerable amount in hand contributed for the erection of a sailor's church.

Addresses were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Herdman (Scotch Kirk), Mundy (London Mission), Pearce (Baptist Mission), Morgan, Dr. Boaz, the Hon. Secretary, and A. Grant, Esq.

A Ten Pound Note for his Mother.

A SAILOR had just landed, as the vessel in which he had been serving had been paid off, and upon setting his foot ashore, he was immediately surrounded by a number of those characters who are always upon the look out to seize poor Jack as their prey. He was a fine, healthy, good-natured looking young man, and appeared fully disposed to yield to any influences which might be brought to bear upon him. A gentleman, stepping up to him, addressed him kindly, inquiring after his welfare, and asking him what he intended to do with himself. He replied that he should start that

day for London. "Have you received much money?" said the stranger. "Yes," said the honest tar; "do you want any of it?" "No," was the reply. "But have you got a mother?" "A mother!" exclaimed the sailor; "yes, as good an old soul as ever lived, and I hope to see her, but I have not heard of her for a long time." "Will you not send her some of your money?" inquired the gentleman. "To be sure I will," said Jack, "if I knew how to get it to her. Will you take it?" "I cannot do that," said the stranger, "but I will tell you how you can do it, if you will go with me." Taking him to the Post-office, he inquired, "How much will you send her?" "Will this do?" said the sailor, taking out a ten pound note. "Yes," was the reply, "and if you give it in at this window, the gentleman inside will see it conveyed safely." No sooner said than done. Thrusting his hand in, Jack said, "Here goes! send this to my old mother; her name is —, and she lives at —." He was then walking away, when his friend called to him to wait for the Post-office order. "Order," said the simple-minded seaman, "I want no order; I have told him all about it. Come along." The necessary mode was explained to him, and the gentleman, writing a brief explanatory note, enclosed the order, according to the directions. After a few words of good advice, the parties separated, never, perhaps, to meet again. But the stranger will always reflect upon the occurrence with pleasure, and the more so, as he subsequently knew the aged woman received the ten pound note which Jack sent to her.

IN the trenches, a day or two ago, a grey-haired marine, while standing within the inclosure of the cemetery where numberless sleepers waked not to his falling footsteps, was cut down, and uttering but one word, died. That word was "Mother."

[Letter from Vera Cruz.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

A Touching Instance of Heroic Self-devotion.

VERY few of the inhabitants of the great cities know, by experience, the severity of the storms and the power of the wind upon most of our sea-coast through its entire extent. Modern improvements in the warming of our houses have made them as comfortable in their interiors during the coldest and most violent storms of winter, as in the blandest days of June; and the numerous buildings themselves are a protection against the wind, in a great measure, to those whose necessities compel them to leave their comfortable homes.

The face is a pretty sure index of this kind of exposure, and many an unpractised eye is led thereby to suppose that the individual wearing its marks is destitute of the finer feelings of humanity. This is, however, a great error, and probably the world does not produce a set of men who unite in so great a degree the heart to do a service cheerfully, with the necessary physical endurance to render it available, as those who live along the coast of New England.

An event which happened some years since has recently been recalled to memory, which well illustrates our meaning, and is moreover a beautiful example of paternal affection.

Those not familiar with the map of Massachusetts, by referring to it, and directing the eye to the south-east part of it, will see, standing alone in its glory, an island in the Atlantic called Nantucket, known the wide world over,

wherever the English language is spoken, for the indomitable enterprise and perseverance of its inhabitants. Casting the eye to the north from this island, and to another quite celebrated spot, Cape Cod, and looking to its southerly boundary, will be seen Sandy Point.

In the latter part of the month of February, many years since, a schooner from the State of Maine, which had been to New York with a cargo, and was now on her return home, anchored under this Sandy Point. The wind increasing from the north-west to a gale, she parted her cables; sail was got upon her as soon as possible, but not having in much ballast, she did not fetch in to the westward of Great Point Light, on the northern part of Nantucket, and had therefore to go outside or to the eastward of the island. With a comparatively light vessel, and with no cables or anchors, and with the prospect of a snow-storm before him, the captain of the schooner did not think it prudent or proper to be thus forced to go to sea with the wind blowing almost a hurricane. He made up his mind, therefore, at once, to run his vessel on to Nantucket, which, with the wind at north-west, would make an entire lea, and enable him to land without much danger. All this was effected; the vessel was beached, and the crew, consisting of the captain, a mate, and two young men, one about the age of nineteen, and the other about seventeen, both sons of the captain, were landed in safety, except, perhaps, the incidental exposure and fatigue, about five of the clock in the afternoon. The place of their landing was

about three miles from Great Point Light, to which they proposed to proceed, it being, as they supposed, the nearest place where they could find rest and shelter for the night.

The mate took up his line of march first, the captain and his two sons having remained to secure some few things about the boat, and then to follow immediately after him. The whole distance to be travelled was over a sandy beach against a furious north-wester, blowing directly in their faces, and hurling the sand and gravel, with occasional flights of snow, making it very difficult to even keep a foothold against the combined elements.

The mate succeeded after much difficulty in reaching the keeper of the Light's hospitable mansion in safety. A far different fate was to be the lot of some of his companions.

The captain was a man such as we have attempted to describe at the beginning of this article; injured from his boyhood to hardship and toil, his was the will and the power which the elements could not conquer. Taking the lead of his sons for the purpose of breaking off as much as possible the force of the wind, he kept them immediately behind him, and thus their journey commenced. One half the distance, perhaps, was overcome, after incredible anxiety and perseverance on the part of their father, when the younger son begged his father and brother to go on and leave him, as his strength had so entirely failed that he could walk no longer. No persuasion could revive his exhausted powers, and it became necessary to act as the exigency of the case required. The father taking off his own outside coat, that his limbs might be more free to act, wrapped it around the less hardy frame of his son, and taking him in his arms, the toilsome journey was again resumed. For half a mile did the father's power of endurance bear up against the violence of the storm, with his additional burden;

but his cup was not yet full; the other son now showed the symptoms that his exhausted nature was about to give way, and a few minutes after, he sank to the ground apparently unable to rise.

Laying down the one he had borne so long, the father took up the elder, and carrying him some distance, he left him and then returned, and took the younger and brought him up to the same point; and thus the old man struggled; alternately carrying one and then returning and bringing the other to the same place; whispering hope into their ears, which, alas! were fast becoming insensible to their parent's love. It was a sight, it would seem, some pitying angel might have relieved.

The younger son was growing very weak and insensible, and when the father laid him down for the last time, he saw that the elements had done their work, and that the poor boy *was at rest*. Going back and taking the elder in his arms, he redoubled his exertions to save him. On he struggled, and between the flashes of the storm the light could be seen in the distance; but fortitude, energy, and perseverance were of no avail: a single moan told him he was childless.

The old man arrived at the light, and found that preparations had been made to come out in search of him. Tears he had not many to shed; such people have but few at their call: those few, however, make a furrow, which never leaves the face but with the close of their earthly existence.

[*Mer. Jour.*

The Ocean.

THERE is a grandeur all unspeakable in the wide waste of ever-tossing waters. It has a language, but it falls not on the outward ear; it speaks at once to the soul. Its strange symbols may not be traced on parchment, for they are too etherealised to strike the eye of sense. Yet who has stood upon the sands which it kisses in its dal-

lying playfulness, or upon the beetling ramparts which tremble before its fury, and not felt awed by the influence of that unspoken communion?

It is *awful*, when, vexed by the storm and the tempest, it lifts itself up in mountains, scowling defiance to the Eolic messengers, and thundering out its smothered vengeance against whatever may serve it as a victim. It is *beautiful*, when, like a boundless mirror, it sparkles in the noontide sunlight, or when it half catches the gold and crimson tinges of the Hesperian clouds, and seems to fold up for repose the sinking messenger of day in its watery mantle. It is *glorious* in its midnight stillness, when it seems a vast transparent folding door, opening into the splendors of a nether firmament, girt round by the same silvery zone, and studded by the same gems as that which the fingers of the universal Architect have wrought and drawn around its couch from above. *But is it always grand.*

Strange art thou in thy history and associations, Great Fountain of Streams! When thou shake'st thyself in thy might, thy locks are hoary, but not with age. Though thy restless murmurs may have blended with the song of the morning stars which broke upon an infant world when order seized the sceptre of chaos, yet thou art ever renewing thy youth and strength like the sun, which goeth forth "rejoicing as a strong man to run his race." Thou hast rolled up thy billowy form over the hills, and pressed the drowning mountains to thy bosom. Thou hast decoyed, by thy gentleness and beauty, the queenly bark, freighted with the wealth of enterprise and the treasures of human hope, and then hast thou heartlessly swallowed up that which would not profit thee. In the viewless chambers of thy deep coral castles, though hast strewn around a gorgeous magnificence, compared to which the courts of earthly monarchs would appear dim and poverty-stricken. Thou hast

garnered up, in darkness which knows no morning, jewels and flashing gems which thou canst not prize, and fit only to sparkle in the tiara of a princess. Aye, and in thy gloomy sepulchres, uncoffined and unshrouded, thou hast heaped up in strange confusion the relics of mortal existence. The innocent and the criminal—the tender and the strong—the delicately beautiful and the nobly brave, thou hast gathered together in one grand watery mausoleum, and then thou sportest in thy billowy dancings over the mighty pile, while a nation weeps in sackcloth over thy work of ruin. Thou givest thy buried kings no sheet save thy dark green *fungi*; no requiem save the hoarse howl thou art ever breathing in mockery of their own despairing death-shriek; and their monuments—who can find them?

Great Wonder of Wonders! We are awe-struck in thy presence. Man owns his weakness before thee. Thy ever changing, yet never changing tides seem like the cycles; of eternity. Thy strange deeds have made us fear to court thy familiarity.

Yet be not proud as though thou wert wearing the seal of nature's monarch. Thou art the helpless servant of Him who formed thee. With all thy vastness thou art measured in the hollow of His hand. Proudly as thou rearest thyself in crested mountain heaps, thou art hushed to a death-like slumber beneath His "Peace, be still." Though in thy madness thou hast torn islands from their adamantine pedestals and flung them scornfully beneath thee, yet thou art stayed by the sands that would yield to an infant's strength, for He hath graven his "*Hitherto*" upon them. Cling as thou wilt to the victims of thy insatiate fury, yet know thou that the hour cometh when his voice shall unpeople thy desecrated sepulchres, and thou thyself shalt flee away in terror before the "brightness of his coming."

Notices.

Custom-House, Boston,
June 19.

Light Ship off Minot's Rock.—A light ship, showing a single white light, is moored off Minot's Rock, in ten fathoms water, at low tides, and bears from the rock on which the Light-House formerly stood, N. by E. $\frac{3}{4}$ E. distant $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

And from the following points on the main land and adjacent islands, to wit:

From Scituate Light-House, N. by W. distant six miles.

From Glade House, N. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. distant one and a half miles.

From Boston outer Light-House, S. E. $\frac{3}{4}$ E. distant nine miles.

Vessels on coming from the Eastward, after passing Race Point Light, and having made the Light Ship, can run directly for her, and by keeping close on board, may pass her on either hand; but strangers should always pass her on the larboard hand.

P. GREELY, Jr.
Superintendent.

Pursuant to instructions from the Treasury Department, public notice has been given by the several Collectors of the ports throughout the United States, "that on or before the 1st of May last, all buoys along the coast, or in bays, harbors, sounds, or channels, shall be colored and numbered, so that passing up the coast or sounds, or entering the bay, harbor, or channels, red buoys with even numbers shall be passed on the starboard hand; black buoys with uneven numbers on the port hand, and buoys with red and black stripes on either hand. Buoys in channelways to be colored with alternate white and black perpendicular stripes."

Discovery of a new Ledge or Reef, near New-London Light-House.—A few days since, while going out of New-London harbor, with a very light wind from S. W., struck on a rock about a mile from

the Light-House. The Light-House then bore N. N. W. Owing to very light winds we soon got our vessel off, without sustaining any very serious injury.

The U. S. Consul at the Feejee Islands, in a letter to the Salem Gazette, says—

"A very dangerous Shoal has been discovered between the Tonga and Feejee Islands, parallels of latitude and longitude not given—a Sand Bank two miles in length, eight feet of water on the middle, and deepening at both ends. In strong S. E. winds, it does not break, nor can you discern colored water, like that of a reef, any distance off. It is described to be a most dangerous shoal, lying directly in the track of our whale ships cruising in this vicinity and running down to the line."

Mine Head and Ballycottin Island Light-House, South Coast of Ireland.—The Corporation for preserving and improving the port of Dublin, hereby give notice, that a Light-House has been erected on Mine Head, County Waterford, and another Light-House on Ballycottin Island, County Cork, from which Lights will be exhibited on the night of the 1st of June, 1851, and which will thereafter be lighted every night from sunset to sunrise.

Custom-House, New-Bedford,
May 23.

Notice is hereby given that the new Lantern at Dumplin Rock Light-House is completed, and glazed with French plate-glass, and furnished with new lamps and reflectors. It will hereafter continue to be lighted, and give a much stronger light than heretofore.

W. T. RUSSELL,
Collector and Superintendent.

Disasters.

Barque *Macedonian*, of Portland, while loading at Canisi, Cuba, was struck by a heavy squall, and

dragged her anchors on the rocks, and bilged. Became a total loss.

Span. brig *Pilita*, Ascorra, from Havana, for Bilboa, went ashore on the reef off Cape Florida, night 30th ult., and stove a hole in her bottom. The captain and crew abandoned her, with eight feet water in her hold, and returned to Havana in the steamer *Ohio*.

The ship *Halcyon*, Wade, before reported abandoned, was set on fire by the ship which took off the remainder of her passengers, &c. She is supposed to have been the ship seen on fire by Br. brig *Fanny*, though that report represented her to have had 250 passengers on deck, which were supposed to have perished with the vessel.

Barque *Rapid*, hence for Havana, went ashore 26th May, in a thick fog, on Orange Key, Bahamas. The captain and crew, with about three-fourths of the cargo, had been saved.

Brig *Amanda Parsons*, hence for Georgetown, S. C., was capsized in a squall 3d June, four miles north of the Frying Pan Shoals. The captain, his wife and child, and crew, all remained on the bottom of the vessel until the next day, when they were taken off by brig *William*, at Georgetown.

Brig *Topaz*, of and from Eastport for Philadelphia, was lost morning 8th June, in a gale from N.E.; she sunk at 4 a.m.; the crew took to the boat, without saving anything, and were picked up at 8 a.m. same day.

Steam-ship *Lafayette*, from Liverpool for Philadelphia, put into this port 7th June for repairs. On the 29th, at 6 o'clock, in a thick fog, was in contact with Br. brig *Jane*, 21 days from Quebec, for Europe, and lost her bowsprit and jibboom, broke cutwater and three flanges of the propeller. The brig sunk; captain and crew saved.

Brig *Edward Henry*, of Kingston, Mass., from Boston, May 23, for Port-au-Prince, struck on Grand Turk, Turk's Islands, 11th June,

at 4 a.m., during thick and squally weather; sank in about 30 minutes, and became a total loss.

Schr. *Edwin Farrar*, Brownley, from Baltimore, for Charleston, was wrecked off Chicomicomico beach. Vessel lost.

Br. barque *Midas*, Simpson, at this port from Liverpool, reports, June 13th, spoke a ship supposed to be the *Lesmahagow*, taking off the crew of the barque *Dove*, of Cardiff, water-logged.

Steamer *Globe*, 481 tons, plying between New-Orleans, Brazos Santiago, &c., was totally lost at Brazos, 17th June.

Br. barge *Royal Mint*, from Dundee for Quebec, leaky, and in a sinking condition; was fallen in with 21st June, and the crew taken off by Hamb. ship *Howard*, at this port.

Br. Brig *Kedron*, of Thomaston, from this port for Trinidad, Cuba, was totally lost 25th June, about 20 miles east of her port of destination.

Br. brig *Jenny Lind*, of Halifax, from Boston for St. Jago, was wrecked off Grand Turk, night of 21st June.

The ship *Sallie Fearn*, Owen, of Bath, from New-Orleans for Liverpool, was struck by lightning and set on fire previous to the 28th June, on which day she was fallen in with by ship *Frank Johnson*, from Havana for St. Petersburg, and the crew, with \$125,000 in specie, taken off and carried into Boston.

Br. schr. *Trial*, of Londonderry, Burns, from Boston for Pictou, went ashore at Whitehead, N. S., night 21st June, and was expected to be a total wreck.

The *Letitia*, Barker, of Wisc-beach, from the Clyde for Boston, was fallen in with in a sinking state 27th June, and the crew taken off by the Reserve, Hart, arrived here.

Brig *Petrel*, of Eastport, from Trinidad de Cuba, bound to this

port, was lost on the south side of the Isle of Pines, morning 29th June.

Fishing sch. *Henry Caywood*, supposed of New-London, went ashore on S. side of Cuttyhunk, night 30th June, in a thick fog, and bilged. A total loss.

Br. brig *James Orr*, Bell, from Cardiff, was ashore on New Inlet Bar, 1st July, and would be a total loss.

A telegraphic despatch from Machias, July 21st, states that barque *Sophia*, Everett, from this port, of and for Calais, went ashore on Libby's Island, off Machias, bilged, and will be a total loss.

Schr. *Algonquin*, Richardson, of Brooksville, Me., from Calais for Baltimore, left Moose Pecca Light 14th July. Was abandoned in a sinking condition, the crew taking to the boat and landing on Baker's Island.

Schr. *Stephen C. Phillips*, of and for Southport, lost on Cape Sable on the night of the 20th July, with a cargo of 400 quintals of fish.

Barque *Niagara*, 42 days from Valparaiso, of and for Boston, with loss of rudder, 12 days previous, and three temporary ones afterwards; was spoken May 24, and the crew taken off by ship *Milo*, at New Bedford, 20th July.

The Br. barque *Jane*, of Halifax, N. S., Capt. Soule, hence July 21st, for Glasgow, was discovered to be on fire the following day, supposed from spontaneous combustion in the hold; the hold was made tight, and the vessel steered for L. I., but at 4 p.m. the fire broke through the deck. At nine o'clock the masts went by the board, and at 11 a.m., 23d, she was burnt to the water's edge.

Missing Vessels.

Ship *Hercules*, Madigan, cleared at San Francisco, 2d Jan. last, for Panama, and the *Ann and Julia* on the 4th, for same destination; since which time nothing has been heard

from them, and Panama dates to the 20th ult. have been received.

Schr. *Yeso*, Smith, of Lubec, sailed from Boston for San Francisco, March 25th, 1850, and has not been heard from since.

Brig *Eagle*, Lovett, sailed from Calcutta Nov. 10th, for Canton, and has not since been heard from.

Schr. *Albert R. Harris*, sailed from San Francisco Feb. 3d, for Lahaina, with 18 passengers. She had not arrived at Maui at last advices.

Barque *Zaida*, Toplift, of Wisconsin, from Matanzas 28th Aug. 1850, for Hamburg, has not since been heard from.

The *James Dean* sailed from Belize, Feb. 3, for Queenstown and London, and has not since been heard of.

Correction.

An article published in our August number not being satisfactory, we insert the following by request :

Albany, Aug. 28, 1851.

I am happy to say that, through the kindness of Mr. Taylor, your chaplain at Lahaina, and Dr. Dow, physician to the hospital at the same place, the remains of our dear boy have been disinterred and sent home. Captain Seth Nickerson, master of the whale ship *Massachusetts*, of Nantucket, being the sympathetic nobleman of nature who brought them in his ship, without charge. The above-named persons have our thanks for assisting, without fee or reward, in affording us the melancholy pleasure of looking upon even the bones of our departed son. While we may view and shed a tear over his grave, we shall not forget to pray for those to whom we are indebted for the sight itself.

Yours, truly,

JOHN MILES,
Chaplain of the *Bethel*, Albany,
New-York.

POETRY.

[From the Paulding, Miss., Clarion.]

The Seaman's Dirge.

By H. G. LORING.

[Capt. J. B. Loring sailed from Pensacola, Aug. 23d, 1850, in the brig *Caroline*, bound to New York, since which no certain intelligence of the fate of him, his vessel and crew, has ever been received. Two other brothers had previously left the United States in charge of vessels, and never returned.]

BROTHER! thy weary watch of life is past—
Thou art calmly sleeping;
The mighty deep has taken thee at last
To its faithful keeping.

The stars shall play their gentle rays at night
On the heaving ocean;
But thou hast ceased to find by-gone delight,
In its gentle motion.

The rude storms still shall sweep the mighty
plain,
Cresting the dark billow;
But never shall its fiercest wrath again
Reach thy coral pillow.

For thou hast found a seaman's home—his rest
By old Ocean's fountain:
The high and heavy sea lies on thy breast,
Like the cloud-capt mountain.

No more! thou shalt not mark thy poor bark's
trail,
To welcome sounding;
Or see her, with her swelling, snow-white sail,
O'er the waters bounding.

Again thou shalt not clasp thy infant son,
Or that wife, whose being
Of joy and love was bound in thee alone,
Now hopelessly grieving.

No more on earth thou'lt meet thy gray-haired
sire,
Or hear affections greeting
From him who now doth tune his mournful lyre
To his rent heart's beating.

Five brothers, Ocean! on thy smiles did place
Their safety's keeping;
Three hast thou gathered to thy stern embrace—
Peace to their sleeping!

Upon *one* voyage, we wait our owner's call,
Returning—never!
God grant one quiet haven to us all,
Brothers, forever!

They say that Thou art Poor.

THEY say that thou art poor, Louise;
And so I know thou art;
But what is wealth to noble minds,
Or riches to the heart?
With all the wealth of India's mines,
Can one great deed be bought?
Or can a kingdom's ransom bring
One pure and holy thought?
No, vain your boasted treasure,
Though earth to gold is given,
Gold cannot stretch to measure
The LOVE bestowed by heaven!

They say that thou art poor, Louise;
And so I know thou art;
But why should lack of sordid pelf
Thrust thee and me apart?
The pearls that sparkle on the lawn
Our jewels bright shall be;
The gold that frets the early dawn
Shall fill our treasury!
Ask ye the proudest minion
Whom gold gives rule o'er earth,
Doth not our broad dominion
Outbeggard all he's worth?

We'll rove beside the brook at eve,
When birds their vesper song
Of gentle truth and guileless love
To woods and winds prolong;
And from the morning's jewelled cup
Such healthful draughts we'll have,
As never met the fevered lips
Of fortune's gilded slave.
Could Lydian Cræsus, dearest,
As wide a kingdom see
As the fair realm thou hearest
Belongs to thee and me?

I know that thou art poor, Louise;
And so indeed am I.
But not the hoards of ocean's caves
Our poverty could buy;
For wealth beyond the miser's thought
We both alike control—
The treasure of a priceless love,
The riches of the soul!
Then at this hour divine, love,
To holy echoes given;
Let thy true vows and mine, love,
Be registered in heaven!

New York, September, 1851.

[For the Sailor's Magazine.]

Tribute to the late Mr. Olyphant.

WE mourn, in common with our fellow-citizens, the death of the late Mr. Olyphant; and more than this, we feel that we have lost in him one of the earliest and most valuable friends of seamen. We always admired him as the intelligent, enterprising, and honorable merchant—the devoted, consistent Christian—and the true philanthropist. Quiet and unobtrusive as was his manner, he possessed a rare degree of energy and firmness of character. He exhibited these qualities not only in his mercantile career, but in whatever he undertook in obedience to the call of duty. He was at the time of his death one of the Vice-Presidents of the American Seamen's Friend Society; and this institution is indebted to him for his warm co-operation and liberal support, through a long course of years. He was the personal friend of our first Chaplain at Canton, the Rev. D. Abeel, and of Stevens, who followed him in that office. Indeed, his hand and his heart were ready for every good work, and few men could have been taken from the community whose loss would be so sensibly felt. The sketch which follows is from the pen of one who had been intimate with him many

years, and who feels that no eulogy can be too strong to express his worth, and indeed where facts speak so loudly, eulogy is out of place.

Mr. David W. C. Olyphant was born at Newport, R. I., on the 7th of March, 1789. His father, David Olyphant, a physician of eminence, was a native of Perth, in Scotland, and emigrated to America in the year 1745. His residence prior to the Revolution was at Charleston, S. C., and during the revolutionary war he was Director-General of the Southern Hospital. He was a member of the Society of Cincinnati, and at his decease in 1805, his son inherited this honor.

In the year 1806 Mr. Olyphant came to New York, and entered the counting-room of Messrs. King and Talbot, at that time engaged in the China trade. He became afterwards a partner of that firm; but in 1812, having formed a connection with Mr. Bucklin, in Baltimore, he removed to that city. In the commercial crisis which followed the last war with England, the house failed in business, and in 1817 he returned to New York, and resumed his position with his early friend, G. W. Talbot, Esq., formerly of the firm of King and Talbot. The success which attended his subsequent efforts enabled him to pay in full the deficiencies which remained in the compromise of the affairs of his Baltimore house, to the entire satisfaction of all interested. It is not often that commercial men, after being overwhelmed by calamity, are able to give this high proof of their integrity; and no man could

have rejoiced in such a result more than the subject of this memoir.

In the year 1818 Mr. Olyphant entered the counting-room of the late Thomas H. Smith, who was very largely engaged in the China trade, and in 1820 went to Canton as his agent. He remained in China in this agency about three years, when he returned to America; but in the year 1826 he again resumed that agency, in which he continued until the failure of that gentleman in 1828, when he formed a connection with Mr. C. N. Talbot, the son of his early friend; establishing in Canton a house under the firm of Olyphant and Co., and in New York a house under the firm of Talbot, Olyphant, and Co. The New York house continued until his death, and will now be conducted by his sons; and the Canton firm is still continued, though not now in connection with the New York house. During his agency for Mr. Smith in China, concerns of unusual magnitude, involving millions of dollars in value, passed through his hands year after year, and were managed with great ability and good judgment.

Mr. Olyphant visited China in 1834, returning in 1837. In 1850 he again directed his face towards the home of his early years, attracted partly by business motives, but more by the interesting associations of his former residence there, and more especially, by the lively interest which he felt in the missionary enterprise in that great empire. He had been the friend of Dr. Morrison in his early residence there; he had received and hospitably entertained in his house Abeel, Bridgeman, Stevens, and other American missionaries; and he was deeply interested in a work, the early beginnings of which came under his immediate observation. He took the over-land route from England to China, accompanied by one of his sons, and landed at Hong-Kong on the 8th of August, 1850. After a short visit to Canton, he proceeded to Shang-

hai. It was not until his return to Canton that he discovered any symptoms of failing health. He continued feeble until the 26th of April, when he embarked for Aden, on his homeward tour, accompanied by his son. At first he seemed to improve under the influence of the voyage to Aden, but subsequently his symptoms assumed a more alarming appearance; and about the 20th of May it became evident that he could not long survive. He arrived at Cairo, in Egypt, in a state of great prostration, and, after lingering for a week, he died at that place on the 10th of June.

It is, to human feelings, painful to reflect that he should have found his grave in a land of strangers, and that in the hour of death he was far removed from the tender embraces of his family, and the sympathizing kindness of his many friends. But the Saviour was doubtless with his faithful servant in that last conflict; and the glories of heaven, which opened to his view, were not the less bright, nor the prospect before him the less cheering. That faith, which had been maturing during a long life of devotedness, sustained him in the hour when flesh and heart fail, and he found, in God, the strength of his heart and his portion forever.

After a leisurely view of the mission at Shanghai and Canton, he was prepared to make a full report to the Presbyterian Board of Missions (of the Executive Committee of which he was a member), and in which he was accustomed to act with great efficiency. It was a severe trial to him, to be arrested by a fatal illness as he was looking to the endearments of home, and as he was hoping to render some service to the cause of his Divine Master by the report he should bring to his associates of the progress of the Gospel in China. But he yielded with calm resignation to the will of his Father in heaven, and died in peace, in the exercise of a lively hope of a happy immortality.

Few men in the course of a long

and active commercial life, have conducted more important concerns than Mr. Olyphant. No man in such a career has ever more faithfully maintained his integrity and consistency as a Christian. He invariably declined all connection with the Opium trade, in all the course of his residence in China, though it offered the temptation of large profits, and public sentiment among the foreign merchants in China was not against it. Mr. Olyphant lived for higher purposes than mere gain. His house in Canton was for years the home of the American missionaries, and his ships conveyed them to their field of labor without charge. In view of these contributions, long continued and often repeated, few men have contributed so largely to Foreign Missions as he and his partners in business.

He had been long connected with the Seamen's Friend Society; and Mr. Abeel, the first chaplain of that society in Canton, enjoyed there his friendship and patronage. Shortly before his death, he had the pleasure of attending at the Floating Chapel at Whampoa, and of worshipping in company with a full assembly of well-dressed seamen, from the ships in port. This chapel had been built by the contributions of seamen and the merchants of Canton; exhibiting in this fact the progress which the good cause had made in the course of thirty years, in which he had been associated with it.

Mr. Olyphant made a profession of religion in the year 1814, then in early life, and at the age of twenty-six was appointed an elder in the Presbyterian Church at Baltimore. He was at the time of his death a member of the Executive Committee of the Presbyterian Board of Missions,—a member of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions,—a V. Prest. of the American Seamen's Friend Society,—a governor of the New York Hospital,—and a member of the Society of Cincinnati. He was not elated by the honor

conferred on him; and while no man ever sought less the applause of men, few have sought more the honor which comes from God. This brief sketch gives full evidence that he was a man of uncommon enterprize and energy; but in the exercise of these his great aim was, to be the benefactor of his fellow-men and to walk humbly with God.

First Fruits.

DEAR BRETHREN,—It is now three months since I last wrote you; but I suppose you have not received all my letters. I generally send them to Mr. Keyser, in Stockholm, to have them sent over to you.

I am happy that I can inform you now that the Lord has done great things for us here. He has made you a blessed instrument in sending me to Gotland. We number now 50 souls here that are happily converted to God, and among them are three sailors, who, I hope, will be a blessing on the waters. I thank you, my dear brothers in the Lord, for all your kindness. I have received your last letter, in which you tell me about my payment. The Lord has blessed the work which you, as His instrument, have put in my hands. I am hated very much of all the wicked around me. But my prayer is, "Keep me, O God! for in Thee have I put my trust; for thou, Lord, hast delivered my soul from death, and my feet from falling."

My wish is, that this letter may find you in good health. May the Lord bless you!

Yours, in the Lord,

JOHN LINDELIUS,

Sailor Missionary.

Island of Gotland, Sweden.

Wisby, March 26, 1851.

Sailor's Magazine.

A Letter from the Woods of Mississippi, dated Aug. 10, 1851. The writer we believe to be a retired shipmaster. His \$5, which pays

for his magazine to July, 1855, as also his good-will, are gratefully acknowledged.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose \$5, which you will please to set to my credit for the *Sailor's Magazine*, and please to continue to forward the magazine to my address at this place so long as it is printed. I am pleased with it more, and still more, as it advances; and although far removed from the ocean and all its scenes, yet do I feel an interest in the welfare of the sailor; though now in the woods of Mississippi, far from the scenes of youthful days, the dashing billows, the howling tempests of old Ocean, still do I feel interested in the sailor. Never do I forget the sailor, when I hear the tempest howling, even here. I am delighted to hear by your Magazine that sailors are recognised by their fellow-citizens to be Men—yea, men that possess souls, *immortal souls*. Glad am I that the church no longer abandons the sailor, but that he is now pointed to the Lamb of God; is brought to know that Jesus Christ has power on earth to forgive sin; that after he shall have crossed life's tempestuous ocean, a port of peace and happiness may be entered, where no storms howl. May you, Sir, and the Magazine, go on and prosper.

I am, &c. &c.,
WM. H. M'C.

[For the Sailors Magazine.]

Abstract of the Annual Report of Rev. James O'Barney, Chaplain for the Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society, in Providence, R. I.

A DOUBT has been entertained by some, whether the number of seamen arriving at this port were sufficient to justify the necessary outlay to sustain a Chaplain for their especial benefit.

But this doubt will be removed, or somewhat abated, by the fact, derived from a reliable source, that

from the 20th of May, 1850, to 10th of November last, there were 1851 arrivals at this port, exclusively of steamers; and allowing but four men for each vessel, we have a marine population of 7404, furnishing labor sufficiently ample to occupy the time and exhaust the energies of any individual. Allowing but half the number of arrivals for the remaining six months, with the same complement of men, and we have an annual ingress of more than eleven thousand seamen, whose average stay on shore has been less than one week. Formerly, nearly all our marine merchants were engaged in *foreign* commerce, and some of them to a very large amount.

From the adoption of the Federal Constitution up to the year 1810, or nearly so, Providence was the fifth revenue paying port in the United States. It was no uncommon occurrence, for the house of Brown and Ives, and some others, to pay at the Custom-house from \$80,000 to \$100,000 duties on a single East India cargo.

At that time, our coastwise business was almost nothing. Only two individuals were exclusively in the grain and flour trade, employing but two vessels, and these less than 100 tons each.

Not a small amount of that vast capital once employed in foreign trade has been transferred to the various departments of manufacturing business, and hence the many populous villages which are located upon our streams, and beautifying many parts of our enterprising State. This transfer of capital has almost entirely changed the character and direction of our commerce; so that instead of foreign trade, it is almost exclusively coastwise, and seamen, instead of stopping at their *boarding-houses* two or three weeks, after returning from a foreign voyage as formerly, a large majority of them stop on board their *vessels*, or with their families while in port. This change in our commerce has had a marked influence upon the Sea-

men's Home; the number received there the last year being a great discount upon that which formerly stopped at this institution.

Your Chaplain has had his attention directed to the condition of the Mariner's Hospital, so called, and finding it almost as destitute of comfort and conveniences for diseased and disabled seamen as is the desert of Zaharia of vegetation, he invited the United States Collector for this port to accompany him to the Hospital, with reference to a reform, which invitation he courteously accepted; but as he had no funds which he could appropriate to such a purpose, nothing was to be expected from the Government; means, however, were solicited and obtained from other sources, and it is to the private munificence of some generous hearts that an important reform has been effected there for the sailor.

The fiftieth year—the year of jubilee—had literally come; and the old bunks and dusty beds which for a long time had been numerous inhabited by creeping things, were all discharged from further service, and in their place were introduced twelve new and neat iron-bedsteads, thoroughly paid over with verdigris and varnish, and these surmounted by twelve new and generous mattresses, and a white spread, bespeaking a condition of comfort for seamen probably never witnessed under that roof before. A slight outlay for furniture would still add very much to the accommodation of the sick and wounded sailor.

Notwithstanding this port has paid more than eleven millions of dollars into the Treasury of the United States, the Government does not own a shingle or a nail, nor any part of a building in this city or State, in the shape of a hospital, which it devotes to the use of disabled sailors. Sailors are not *paupers*; they ask no gratuity from the Government when they are sick; but they demand of right that, what they have been com-

pelled to pay into the United States Treasury, as a hospital tax, should be paid out for them when they are sick.

There is one more subject to which your Chaplain would allude, and that is intemperance. It is a giant sin among sailors, and too much cannot be done for its suppression. The sailor is seldom, if ever, at the ballot box. He is "far at sea." He has practically no voice in the election of officers, the enactment of laws, or the administration of Government. He therefore asks and demands of freemen the passage and enforcement of such laws as *will* effectually restrain the sale of intoxicating liquors, as a drink.

Many seamen have taken the temperance pledge during the year, most of whom, it is hoped, have been true to their promise. Some who were intemperate a year and a half ago, have become sober, and have risen up from common seamen to be officers, with the prospect of being useful men. There have been some hopeful conversions among them, and in many other respects desirable reforms have taken place. There is much encouragement to labor for the benefit of seamen. They have no *January* in their year. Their hearts are always warm and grateful, and as a class they deserve much more of our sympathy, affection, and effort, than we hitherto have bestowed upon them.

Public worship has been held in the Mariner's Hall, 139 South Main Street, on the Sabbath, and a prayer meeting on one other evening in the week, during the year.

Your Chaplain would express his thanks to those individuals who have generously contributed books, pamphlets, tracts, and papers for gratuitous distribution among seamen, and ask a continuance of their favor. Pray that the abundance of the sea may be converted unto the Lord.

An honest citizen is a glory to a state.

For the Seamen Magazine.

Seamen's Bethel, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MYSTIC EVIDENCE:—During the several years I have been engaged in the cause of seamen, I have been so highly favored of the Lord with health and strength, and the co-operation of a large number of our naval commanders, that I have been prevented but one Sabbath during that time from holding service on board one of our navy ships; and God, I trust, has owned and blessed the humble means used, both as it regards the blessed cause of Temperance and Religion. Over thirteen thousand in that time have signed the temperance pledge, and, in general, hold it fast; through their influence many others have taken the pledge. But, to the praise and glory of God, numbers have gone on even to higher attainments,—to the knowledge of salvation and the forgiveness of sins. We have beheld scores of the hardy sons of ocean bathed in tears, and who have readily kneeled down and asked an interest in our prayers. Citizens that accompany me in numbers on board are much affected and often declare they never witnessed such displays of the mercy and grace of God. Numbers I hope have found the pearl of great price. The letters I am receiving from officers and others bear ample testimony to the wonderful change for the better, that has taken place. In letters from several sailors on board the U. S. Ship Germantown dated Madeira, they give a brief and gratifying statement of their enjoyments since they embraced the temperance cause, and the great comfort they experience in reading the blessed word of God, and in prayers for grace to resist every temptation. They declare that there are many that are making use of the means, and are striving to serve God acceptably in their day and generation, and they also state, that only a few on board drink any spirits, and that they sincerely hope that they too will soon see their folly and give it up, and they give as a reason that no drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven. I have likewise letters from the ship Raritan dated Valparaiso, giving an affecting statement of the wonderful benefits

that have resulted by their being allowed to sign the temperance pledge, and that they consider temperance the next best blessing in the world to religion, and they are determined to attend to both. The letters from the Delta, St. Lawrence &c are truly heart-cheering and soul reviving, and I hope in God we shall yet see better times and richer displays of the mercy and grace of God in Christ Jesus among our seamen. In our Bethel in Main street Brooklyn the blessed work of temperance and religion are progressing in a very delightful manner. We have just closed our ninth year in which not one Tuesday evening has passed by without a temperance meeting being held, and not one without an increase. Our religious meetings are well attended and considerable additions have been made to our list of Church members and my hearts desire and prayer to God is that the blessed work may go on and prosper abundantly.

WILLIAM BARNETT
Pastor Bethel Church,
Brooklyn August, 10, 1851.

Encouragement to Bible Distributors.

Chaplain at the Port of London
—Visiting the shipping in the London Docks, I met the captain of a Prussian vessel, and whilst delivering to him a German tract, he looked very earnestly at me, and said, "Will you come into my cabin?" I immediately consented and followed him below. No sooner had I seated myself than he said, "Sir, do you know me?" I replied, "No, sir." "Then," said he, "I know you well, although near twenty years have passed since I saw you." He then rung the cabin bell, and the steersman or mate, a very fine young Prussian, came down, to whom he addressed himself in his native language, directing him to take a German Bible out of his chest, which he gave to the captain, and which was immediately handed to me, when the captain said, "Look at that, and then say if you do not know me?"

On the front page was written, "Given to Capt. Joahn C. Breisach, Oct., 1828, by B. Prynn."

"Now, sir," said the captain, "do you not know me?"—I recollected the circumstance taking place at Husum, in Holstein.

This led to further conversation, through which I learned that this Bible had been made a blessing to his wife, who had died in the Christian faith, and that his eldest daughter had also become a religious person by reading it. "I have, since you gave me this Bible, bought German Bibles for my children; this I keep for myself and my son, who is my steersman, and who often looks in it, and on Sunday will read with me to my people when at sea." We spent a pleasant hour in converse, and I was happy thus to learn that this Bible, given on a foreign shore, had been blest by God. It called to my recollection that I had distributed 25 German Bibles and 3 Testaments, whilst at Husum, and 2,000 German tracts, the fruits whereof shall be found after many days to the glory of God.

Account of Moneys.

From August 15th to September 15th, 1851.

Directors for Life by the Payment of Fifty Dollars.

Charles Bartlett, Pokeepsie, N Y - \$50 00

Members for Life by the Payment of Twenty Dollars.

Rev William Day, Cleaveland, Ohio, by
Henry Whittelsey, Catskill, N Y - 20 00
Horatio N Lyman, Goshen, Ct, by John
De Forest - - - - 20 00
Mrs Mary J Bradbury, by Ladies' S F
Soc'y, New Providence, N J - 20 00
Mrs Eliza Doughty, do do - 20 00
Mrs Sarah E Bonnel, do do - 20 00
Mrs Julia Smith, do do - 20 00
Mrs Mehitable Allen, Princeton, Mass - 20 00
Mrs Elizabeth Morgan, New London, Ct,
by her Husband - - - - 20 00
Miss Elizabeth R Fletcher, Dunstable,
Mass, by a Friend - - - - 20 00
Rev Henry M Parsons, by Pres Church,
Moriches, L I - - - - 20 00

Charles T Bartlett, Pokeepsie, N Y, by
his Father - - - - \$25 00
Howard Bartlett, do do - - - 25 00
Mrs Aaron G Pease, by Cong'l Soc'y,
Waterbury, Vt - - - - 20 00
Rev Josiah Tyler, of South African
Mission, by Ladies Benevolent Soc'y,
Watertown, Ct - - - - 20 00
Rev James H Dill, by Sewing Soc'y,
Winchester, Clinton, Ct (in part) - 10 00

Donations.

From Eleventh Pres Church, N Y \$20 00
" Pres. Church, Franklinville, Union
Parish, N Y - - - - 10 00
" Friends to the Sailor, Jasper, N Y 2 00
" Monthly Concert in Cong'l Ch,
Peoria, Ill - - - - 4 00
" A Friend in New York - - - 10 00
" Cong'l Soc'y, Watertown, Ct, - 18 36
" Benjamin Everitt, Fishkill, N Y - 1 00
" A Friend in Aquackanonk, N J - 5 00
" A Friend, Hollis, N H - - - 5 00
" Cong' Soc'y, Holliston, Mass (in
part) - - - - 28 00
" Pres Church, Sag Harbor, L I - 50 00
" W H S Bailey, Bristol, R I - 15 00
" Cong'l Soc'y, Terryville, Ct - 10 00
" Eli Terry - - - - 30 00
" Union Meeting, Georgia, Vt - 10 39
" Cong'l Soc'y, St Alban's, Vt - 45 06
" Cong'l Soc'y, Westford " (balance) 3 00
" Union Meeting, Fairfax " - 13 09
" Members of Meth Epis Ch,
Waterbury - " - 7 00
" Edwin Knight, Providence, R I - 2 00
" Ladies' Mite Soc'y, New Milford,
Ct - - - - 5 00
" Miss McMahan, New Milford, Ct - 1 00
" Cong'l Soc'y, New Canaan, Ct - 23 19
" Sabbath School, West Hartford, Ct 20 00
" First Cong'l Soc'y, Meriden, Ct - 17 58
" Rev Mr Terry's Soc'y, South Wey-
mouth, Mass - - - - 11 02
\$717 59

Sailor's Home, N. Y.

Ladies' Benevolent Society of St James Church,
Newtown, N Y, 18 shirts, 18 pillow cases.
Emily N Hilbourne, Clinton, Ct, one quilt.
A Friend in Middletown, Ct, one quilt.